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## RADIO EXCELS IN RESCUE

By NEA Service.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 22 .- The air is celebrating its greatest v.ctory over the sea.

Radio has just played its most elaborate role. Fire at sea, which consumed the palatial South Sea liner City of Honolulu gave to the radio its greatest chance. That 217, persons should have been rescued unscratched can be credited to the

To the list of names of those "last to leave" a burning ship, may be added that of Walter P. Bell, wireless operator on the City of Honolulu. Bell stayed at his instrument until every possible message had been sent and answered and h s SOS was bringing rescue ships from half a dozen points. Bell had already written a record of valor in the war.

Achievements,

There are stories of new achievements to tell in connection with this rescue.

For the first time continuous communication was maintained with a ship in distress. This was made possible through use of the system deaths resulted. of transmission known as the Fed-

man reporter within 600 miles, In- Honolulu-San Francisco lane. terviews were obtained. Newspaper Coyle had heard the air say hardship and death. Also all ves- Hoffman, Mrs. Mayme Fetters and

boats of the doomed vessel might until the last possible moment. | fr ils since then, which made its lat- ternoon by Mrs. G. Ravencroft, have floated about for days and Maps and charts of the sea lanes est showing even more spectacular.

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

EVE STRAYER been near death

MIKE CLINCH, madly hearded as

First stolen from the refugee

COUNTESS OF ESTHONIA by

the means of giving her "the edu-

hands of Quintana and the mur-

Clinch was now in the woods,

Quintana's gang, and with him

she suddenly realized she loved.

Go on With the Story.

EPISODE SEVEN.

Clinch's Dump.

CHAPTER I.

was his time to search for it.

When Mike Clinch bade Hal Smith | you?"

was that Leverett was loose. If you!"

Clinch's. Clinch, blood-mad, was

very lives depended upon familiar-

ity with the wilderiness-knew that

Quintana's gang?

an easy swinging stride.

Eve. Smith already had decided to are you?"

that day, twice had she barely

o gain possession of the

priceless worth, the Flam-

ered from her treatment at the quick!"

savagely intent on wiping out Sard! Eh?"

jewel to the beggared countess, find Quintana."

reached America and was now came presently:

Twice had the beautiful

law-breaking step-father,

cation of a lady."

Guarding Eve was

The FLAMING JEWEL

by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

escaped with her life from the After a little while his ear caught a

QUINTANA, the great international set his torch in a tree-crotch and

Somewhere in Clinch's Dump was yer. My business is to find my hidden the Fiaming Jewel. Now client. If you stop me you'll go to

There were two other reasons why Sard, Quintana, Picquet, Sanchez,

he should go back. One of them Georgiades and Harry Beck - and

anything had called Trooper Stor- After a dead silence: "Maybe

the house. And nobody on earth It was the third chance he took. could forecast what a coward like There was a dreadful stillness m

But there was another and more series of splashes;; the crunch of

headed for Drowned Valley with his demanded Salzar, in a less eggresmen, to stop both ends of that vast sive manner, "What-a da matt', eh?" merass before Quintana and his "Well," said Smith, "If you've got

It was evident that neither Clinch thonia in New York. . . If you un-

a third exit from Drowned Valley the hands of the police, I couldn't

Hai Smith, finally decided to return Federal officers are looking for him. to Ster Pond-because if Quintlna The Constabulary rode into Ghost had been told or had discovered that Lake yesterday. Now, don't you circultous way out of Drowned Var- think you'd better lead me to Sard?" ley, he might go straight to "Christi!" exclaimed Salzar, "Sard Clinch's Dump . . And, supposing he is a mile ahead with the others. Stormont was still there, how long Damn! Damn! Me, how should could one State Trooper stand off know what is to be done? Me,

And that was why Darragh, or and all his papers. City, State and

No sooner had Clinch and his mot- What I do, eh? Christi! What to ley followers disappeared in the dusk | do? What you say I should do, eh.

For a long while he did not dare breeches, and wearing a red bandan-

to use his torch; but now he was na over the lower part of his face.

elevated the torch with infinite pre- is marching on Clinch's he's march

lightning, but instinct gulded him You tell a heem he is the biggbefore his brain took command. He fool! You tell-a heere Nick Salzar is leveled his torch and repeated the no damn fool. No! Adlos, my frien'

three signal flashes. Then, in dark- Abrams, I beat it. I save my skin!

torch, slid a cartridge into the Salzar hestitated, turned finally,

For three hundred yards, counting The man halted and looked

. pack, fished out a big electric torch, A new fear had succeeded the old flashed it tentatively, and then, re-, one-that was evident-and Salzar slinging the pack and taking his came forward into the light of his rifle in his left hand, he set off at own fixed torch-a well knit figure

mont away. Eve would be alone in you'll go to the chair, too!"

serious reason for returning to heavy boots on rock.

nor any of his men-although their derstand that."

than Smith, unlashing his basket-, Abrams?"

He shined the ground at his feet.

caution, throwing a fan-shaped ight over the stretch of sink he

had suspected and feared. It flank-

ed the flat, wet path of rock on

either side. Here Death spread its

Then, as he stood taking his bear-

ings with burning torch, far ahead

in the darkness a light flashed, went

out, flashed twice more, and was ex-

ness, he came to swift conclusion.

Smith's wits were working like

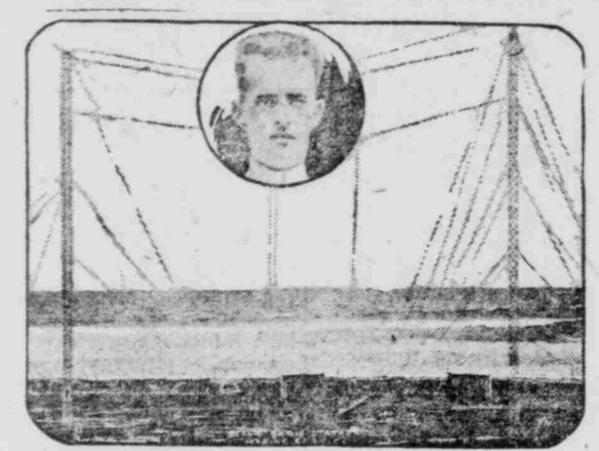
his strides, he continued on. Then, around.

in total darkness, he pocketed the "Come back!"

slimy trap at his very feet.

tinguished.

may in the Adirondack glare of light enveloped him.



Walter P. Bell, radio operator of the Cky of Honolulu, and the federal wireless station at San Francisco from which the rescue was directed.

The Rescue.

reached H. E. Coyle, chief operator alone, should be nearby. This boat and emblems of the Halloween sea-For the first time a land station for the federal concern. It was carries but one operator. He was son. The next meeting will be in two picked up where the fired ship left about 5 o'clock in the morning, asleep. off directing shops hundreds of miles Coyle knew that operators on most All through the night the West assisting hostess. away at sea by means of maps and ships would be asleep. The City of Faralone did not answer. In the Honolulu was running in the Hono- morning the "air" found her. The For the first time the air turned lulu-Los Angeles sea lane. Any ship West Faralone was nearby, as dis-"reporter" and newspapers com- that might be reached, it was tances go at sea. A matter of 200 Wiemer, River av. Three tables pletely covered a story w thout a nu- known, would be running in the miles in travel had been gained and were filled at progressive bunco. The

men questioned passengers and crew that the U.S. transport Thomas and sels had been constantly informed were served following the games. the aid of the burning sh p, but It was the air's greatest victory The major portion of the land they were at least 240 miles away, one to be written alongside the work fell to the federal wireless sta- He knew that W. P. Bell, operator rescue by the Baltic of the 1650 tion here. But for the untiring ac- on the City of Honolulu, had kept passengers and crew of the Repubtivity of their operators the small up a continuous communication lic. But the radio has put on many

breech of his rifle, slung the weapon,

it across his face under the eyes.

"Is it you, Harry Beck?"

pulled out a handkerchief, and tied

He continued to move forward.

hands of men who fought with slight splash ahead. Suddenly a both torches, set them opposite each

ing Jewel, which her rough and worked madly: "Harry Beck is two perado, I am going to try to kill you

thier, and then stelen from Quin- was now cowering somewhere be- zar was on him, clawing, biting,

tana by Clinch, the jewel had youd a leveled weapon. His voice kicking, striving to strangle him, to

under Eve's pillow as she recov- "He! Drap-a that-a gun damn reeled, staggering under the sheer

HAL SMITH, who, unknown to office in New York. I'm Abrams, pery strip of rock they swayed to

TROOPER STORMONT, the man death, but he calmly rummaged for Twice Salzar forced Smith out-

ahead. Then he took another

return to the Dump and take care of "Si! I am Salzar. Who the dev' ed back the arm, held it while Sal-

prison - the whole gang of you-

the woods. Finally came a slight

"For why you com-a here, eh?"

to know, there are people from Es-

"Christi! When do they arrive?"

"A week ago. Sard's place is in

stop them. They've got his safe

have my orders from Quintana,

in slouch hat, gray shirt, and gray

Smith said slowly: "If Quintana

"The State Troopers are there,"

"Christi," faltered Salzar, "-then

He glared at Smith, started to

move, came back and took his torch,

made a violent gesture with it which

drenched the woods with goblin

"You stop-a Quintana, maybe.

"Salzar!" Smith called sharply.

mid Smith. "They'll get him sure."

they are gobble-Quintana, Sard

He carried a heavy riflle.

everybody! Si?"

"I'm Eddie Abrams Sard's law-

Clinch, had sworn to restore the The police are on their way here to and fro, murderously interlocked,

rifle on a mossy rock.

with shipping men showed that, with served during the social hour. The eral arc, which played a part in the First word of the raging fire any luck, the steamer West Far- house decorations were fall flowers

the helpless survivors saved from

laid it beside his own.

my gun?"

Instinct led again while wits "Now," he said, "you dirty des-

the glaring light in front moved, "I'm one of Clinch's men," said

then became fixed. There was a Smith, 'but I can't stick a knife in

light splashing. Instantly Smith your back, at that! Now, take care

Smith bent, leisurely, and laid his blows, clutched, bewildered in Sal-

"Now! You there! Why yo want "I keel you! I keel you! Damn!

"I'll tell Sard, not you," retorted fury as Smith freed his left arm and

whoever you are. I'm from Sard's Now, on the narrow wet and slip-

a cigaret, lighted it, blew a cloud ward over the sink, trying to end

"I guess you're Nick Salzar, aren't at head and throat; but Smith

insolently toward the white glare it, but could not free himself.

zar's panther grip.

miles back on guard. Where is clean. Look out for yourself!"

The silence became terrible. Once in blank astonishment

realized that the man in front had of yourself if you can-"

Smith coolly. "You listen to me, struck him in the face

A movement might have meant with limb and body,

well matched.

Salzar, astonished, "Why you tak-a

Smith measured him. They were

"Set your torch in that crotch,"

Salzar, puzzled and impatient, de-

manded to know why. Smith took

other and drew Salzar into the white

For a second Salzar stood rooted

rush of the man, almost blinded by

their heavy boots splashing, battling

Once too, he managed to get at

a hidden knife, drag it out and stab

caught the fist that wielded it, forc-

Smith laid aside his pack and ri- Mary Heick. A picnic supper was file, and as Salzar came up, he quiet- served. The next meting will be y took his weapon from him and held in two weeks,

Mrs. Alva Wiser entertained the "What-a da matt'?" demanded Friendship club at her home, W

Damn!" panted Salzar, in convulsive TANLAC

face with bared teeth.

he had landed head first. sweat, leaned against a tamarack, Maley.

After all sound had ceased he sently he bent and recovered Saizar's red bandanna and his hat, lift kicking Salzar's rifile overboard, he unfastened both torches, pocketed one, and started on in a flood of ghostly light.

#### RIVER PARK

guests were present at the rally and will met for practice each Tues- Joe St. Phone Lincoln 2274, adv.296 C gar, 2 to 25c. meeting of the River Park M. E. church Ladies' Aid society held Thursday at the home of Mrs. B. F. Hacker, S. Fifth st. The meeting was opened with a short devotional service, led by Mrs. Charles Anderson, the assisting hostess, which included responsive scripture reading songs by the members and prayer by Rev. Robert Ross-Shannon, Roll call and the business session followed when plans were completed for a Halloween supper to be given at the might hold an answer. Conferences church on Oct. 31. Luncheon was weeks with Mrs. Enos Kellow, S. Fifth st. Mrs. R. Siple will be the

weeks with Mrs. Emma Hoffman,

The members of the Sunshine club were entertained Thursday af-Mishawaka av. After the business session contests were enjoyed. Favors were won by Mrs. Ruth Brundage, Mrs. Laura Cobb and Mrs.

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zar screamed at him, lunging at his Mishawaka av. The afternoon was day in the basement of the M. E King George Host at spent socially and with needle work, church. Suddenly the end came: Salzar's A two course luncheon was served. Miss Dessie Moorlock spent the

an instant in the dazzling glare, coln way, were host and hostess at lis. hurtled over Smith's head and fell 7 o'clock dinner Friday in honor of into the sink with a crashing splash. their cousins, Mr. aand Mra E. D. Barber Cuts Kiddies' Frantically he thrashed there, Banister, of Fort Wayne, Ind. spattering and floundering in dark- Covers were laid for 10. The center ness. He made no ouvery. Probably piece was formed of bitter sweet and AKRON, O. Oct 22 - After have motion pictures in the Castle ball greenery. Music and cards featured ing cut the hair of an average of room. In a moment only a value heav- the evening's entertainment. Favors lifteen children every working day were awarded to Mr. and Mrs. Yes- for 38 years of his career as an K. K. K. Chars not named for a Smith, exhausted, drenched with ling, Miss Doveden and Charles Akron barber, A. Grosjenan, of No. secret society, but after a famous

W. S. Stines, president of the River the business. He has been known Park concert band, has resigned and for a generation here as the chilstraightened up with an effort. Pre- has organized a band, which will be dren's barber. He has sold his snop. known as the River Park band. W. one of the best equipped in the Buy your auto and truck tires Smith, formerly of the Mishawaka City, and will eachew combs, razors from us. We stock mandard brands ed his own rifle and pack and Woolen company band, will be the and scissors from now on, he says. of best quality in all sizes. Come struggled into the harness. Then, director of the new band, which will meet for practice each Wednesday

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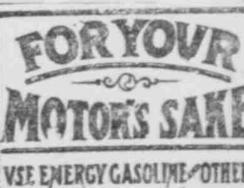
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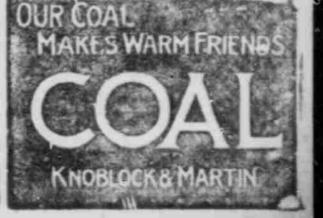
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